ARABIA TO HAVE MANY RAILROADS



A GROUP AT ADEN

BY PRANK G. CARPENTER. AVE you over heard what some one said to the Englishman who boasted that the sun never set on John Bull's possessions. It was "that the sun did not dare to set for fear the old pirate might steal some-

As it is now the English own countries in nearly every part of the globe. They have more land in North America They have recently added to their African colonies, so that they now own more than one-third of that continent, and they are slowly and surely gathering in everything else that lies loose. One of the latest acquisitions is Arabia. They now practically control the whole of it. They have the Sinai peninsula, through their ssion of Egypt, and they can control that part of Arabia along the Red Sea through the ports which they are have entered into the closest of relations with the Sultan of Oman, and they have two uncrowned kings in the persons of certain of their political residents and consuls-general, who control the whole of Eastern and Southern Arabia. The first of these is stationed at Bushire, in Persia, but he has made treaties with the various tribes along the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf, which give the English the trade of that region; and the same is true as to the tribes of Southern Arabia, who are controlled by the British resident here at Aden. and they control not only the mails, but money matters as well. They are working in connection with India, and the moneys used are rupees and annas. If difficulties arise between the Arabs and Persians they are brought to the English resident at Bushire, and if between the tribes of Southern Arabia, they are brought to Aden for adjust-

Arabia to Have Railroads.

At the same time, the English are considering the development of the peninsula. They have proposed to build a pilgrimare have proposed to build a pigrim-see railway from Jeddah, on the Red Sea opposite Port Sudan, to take the great army of Mohammedan worshippers inland to Mecca. This would connect with their new railroad which now crosses the Nubian desert from Suakim to the Cape to Cairo route, and would open up an immerse passenger traffic open up an immense passenger traffic from Central Africa and upper Egypt during the pligrimage season. If the English are not granted the concession for that road it will probably be built by the Mohammedans themselves, and in any event it will be more or less under British control, and be a feeder for the

British control, and be a feeder for the Egyptian railway system.

Another railroad project is to run a line from Aden into Yemen. The latter province is one of the richest of Arabia. It has a good rainfall and is noted for its coffee and grain and fruits of various kinds. The idea is to run the line from Aden almost directly northward to Sana, one of the chiles of Yemea and an one of the chile cities of Yemea and an kinds. The idea is to run the line from Aden almost directly northward to Sana, one of the chief cities of Yemen and an important commercial center. The road will make that rown the capital of Western and Southern Arabia. rn and Southern Arabia.

A third and still more ambitious pro-

northern part of the peninsula, making thereby a short cut to India and Persia and to the rich valley of the Euphrates, at the head of the Persian Gulf. The resent plan is to start the road at Port Said and go eastward across the peninsula to Busra, on the Euphrates. The most of the way will be right through the desert; and the distance altogether about 1000 miles. I understand that the route is a feasible one, and the probability is that the efforts the Germans are now making to reach the Persian Gulf may cause the British to wake up and adopt

As to Arabia itself, I doubt whether it will ever furnish a large traffic for railroads. There are certain provinces, such as Yemen, Oman and the Valley of Mesopotamia, which are fairly well populated; but the whole peninsula has altogether not more than 5,000,000, and these are scattered over a terri-tory one-third as large as the whole United States. There are not a score of towns of any size in all Arabia, and you can count the cities on your fingers. The most of the country is like that about Aden, consisting of bleak, bare and rocky desert, with only a col-lection of black tents or thatched buts

between New York and San Francisco. It measures about 1500 miles from north to south and 1200 miles from east to west. Almost the whole of the Unit-ed States east of the Mississippi could be crowded into its borders, and a conbe crowded into its borders, and a considerable part of it is still unexplored by white men. It is a mountainous country. It has peaks twice as high as Mount Washington, and the table-land of Nijd is on the average more than a half-mile above the sea. South of Mecca there are mountains over \$500 feet high, and the hills here at Aden are about as high as the average ele-

teet high, and the fills here at Aden are about as high as the average elevation of the Blue Ridge in Virginia. Yemen, northeast of Aden, running along the Red Sea, has a fairly good rainfail and climate, The same is true of Oman and Muskat. The Valley of Mesopotamia is watered by the Euphrates, and is as fertile as Egypt, but the greater part of the peniusula is as barren as the Sahara. barren as the Sahara.

The Land of Mocha Coffee.

It comes here on camels from the Province of Yemen. It is raised there by the natives, each family having a few bushes about its house, and producing only enough for home use and a little for trading. There are no big planta-tions and no coffee factories. The ber-ries are gathered when ripe and dried in the sun. After this they are put up in hales and carried an expedience in bales, and carried on camelback over the hills to this place. They are fulled between millstones turned by hand, and are then winnowed and sorted for shipment. The latter work is done by the women, who look over each grain carefully and take out the bad ones. Labor is cheap, but the coffee has to go through many hands. It pays toll to British resident here at Aden. These two consuls-general have established postoffices and postal routes through their respective spheres of influence, and as a result it must be sold at high prices. tions of Mocha coffee from all parts of the world. During my stay on the plan-tations of Brazil I have seen them label bags as Mocha; and Guatemala and other coffees are sold under the same name. Just now they are bringing coffee from Ceylon and Java to Aden and transshipping them here. They lie in the warehouses for a few weeks, and then go forth re-marked, and perhaps re-bagged, as Arabian Mocha.

The English at Aden.

This port of Aden has belonged to John Bull for something like 68 years. He took possession of it in 1839, and later on gob-bled up the Island of Perim in the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. That island is about a hundred miles from here, and the two places practically control the entrance to the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. As for

I wish I could show you the town as it fect is to build a railroad across the lies before me. It is the sorriest city I northern part of the peninsula, making have ever seen. There is nothing to comnave ever seen. There is nothing to compare with it except Iquiqui, on the nitrate coast of South America, and Iquiqui is a paradise to it. Imagine a great harbor of sea-green water, the shores of which rise almost abruptly into ragged mountains of brown rock and white sand. There is not a blade of grass to be seen, there are no trees, and even the cartins and sagebrush of our American out vegetation. It is as bare as the hones of the dead camels in the desert behind it, and its tropical sun beats down out of a cloudless African sky. Everything is gray and dazzling white. The houses on the sides of the hills are white, the rocks throw back the rays of the sun, and the huts upon their sides are of the

same gray color as themselves.

The city looks thirsty and dry. It is dry. There is only a well or so in the place, and these, I am told, the English bought of their owners for something like \$1,000,000. Almost all of the water used is condensed from the sea, and fresh water always brings its price. There are that about Aden, consisting of bleak, bare and rocky desert, with only a collection of black tents or thatched huts to break the monotony, and with trackless sands reaching off into the distance. And still Arabia, has a coast line 1000 miles in a day, the pression near by in which some famous Seventy-five miles in ten hours is not an uncommon journey for an Arabian racer, and much better speed has been made. If they were cleaned out they might hold brings about \$30,000.000 gallons of water. As it is, they have now a capacity of only \$,000,000 gallons costs \$100 and upward. Have you ever heard how the camel

John Bull Is Gobbling the Peninsula and Plan-ning Large Immediate Development.



highest bidder. The receipts go to the English government, and a good rain may bring \$15,000 or \$20,000 or more.

The People of Aden. This is my second visit to Aden. My

first was sixteen years ago, when I stopned here on my way around the world. I 40.000, and it is made up of all the nations and tribes common to the Indian ocean. It contains Arabs, Africans, Jews, Port-ugese and East Indians. There are about 4000 Epropeans, and in this number are the merchants, officials and soldiers. The and tribes common to the Indian ocean. It contains Arabs, Africans, Iews, Portuges and East Indians. There are about a fighteened to death at its ugliness and spalloped away. Since then the is not scared when it first sees a camel.

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It have made Inquiries here and elsevation of the people are Arabs and the merchants, officials and soldiers. The merchants officials and soldiers. The merchants officials and soldiers are into the merchants of the people are Arabs and the provided away. Since then the is not scared when it first sees a camel.

It is unlines common to the Indian ocean. Saw his ideal in fieth and blood he was spindly and the result was the water scalled more of the best stallions we ever sellom go dut of Arabia. They are owned by the chiefs, and are not seed to the Arabian horse. He is a comparatively scare animal and he does that it is unlines and spalloped away. Since then the is not scared when it first sees a camel.

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This story makes me think of the Arabian horse. He is a comparatively scare animal and he does to such a stallent the owner hands and the health of the work of North Africa, and the Sullan of Turke he and the sullant of the control of the health of the work of the best stallions we headed, but more of them have way hair, and the hair of the women hangs down in cork-screw curls on both sides of down in cork-screw curis on both sides of their faces. Of these people neither sex wears much clothing. The men have a rate around the waist, and the women wear only skirts which reach to the feet. The East Indians are everywhere. They

the Red Sca and the Suez Canal. As for Aden, it is the Gibraltar of this part of the world as well as one of the greatest of the British coaling stations. Something like 3000 steamers and native craft call at it every year. The harbor is excellent, and the outer entrance is more than three miles wide. The inner waters have been so dredged that steamers of 25 feet can go everywhere, and there is room enough for all the vessels that pass through the canal to anchor here at one time.

Aden is strongly fortified. The town stands on a volcanic isthmus, and it is guarded by a broad ditch, which has been so guarded by a broad ditch, which has been cut out of the solid rock. It has a garcut out of the solid rock. It has a garcut out of the solid rock. It has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock. It has a garcut out of the solid rock. It has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock, it has a garcut out of the solid rock it is such that out the waist, and the women wear only skirts which reach to the feet.

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Camels and Caravans.

This is the land of the camel. Carasans are coming in and going out of the city every day. They bring bags of Mocha coffee and gums and take out European goods and other supplies to the various eastern Arabia. There are always camels lying in the market place, and one sees them blubbering and crying as they are loaded and unloaded. They are the most discontended beasts upon earth, and are as mean as they look. One bit at me this afternoon as I passed it, and I am told that they never become provided to afternoon as I passed it, and I am told that they never become reconciled to their masters. Nevertheless, they are the freight animals of this part of the world, and the desert could not get along without them. They furnish the greater part of the nilk for the various Arab settlements, the people make their tents of camel's hair, and they are, in fact, the cows of the desert, and they are of many different breeds, and they are as much different breeds, and they vary as much in character as horses. There are some breeds that correspond to the percheron, and the best among them can carry half a ton at a load. There are others half a ton at a load. There are others fitted only for riding and passenger travel. The ordinary freight camel makes only about three miles an hour, and is miles is a good day's work. The best racing camels will travel 20 hours at a stretch, and will cover 100 miles in a day. Seventy-five miles in ten hours is not an uncommon journey for an Arabian racer, and much better speed has been made. As to prices, an ordinary freight camel brings about 300, but a good riding camel costs \$100 and upward.

ped here on my way around the world. I do not see that the town has changed and I doubt whether it has any more people than it had then. The population is about 40,000, and it is made up of all the nations

saw his ideal in flesh and blood he was frightened to death at its ugliness and galloped away. Since then there is no horse that is not scared when it first sees a came!

I have made inquiries here and elsebrothere as to the Arabian horse. He is a times of the direct necessity. Now and I think during his town around the same of the direct necessity.





. HINDOOS AT ADEN. THE EAST INDIANS ARE EVERYWHERE

Some Good Stories Told by and About Prominent People

A Needed Resolution.

THE Rev. William R., Huntington, of New York, said recently that it was more dangerous to be a railway brakeman than to be a murderer, and the said he knew he looked idle, but in reality he was trying hard to work; only reality he was trying hard to work; only proved his assertion with statistics showing that one murderer in 73 was hanged, whereas one brakeman in 30 was killed.

Discussing this startling fact the other day. Dr. Huntington said that the wide spread spirif of selfishness was no doubt responsible.

"We incline." he said, "to put curselves too far ahead of other people. We bould all make no better New Year resolution than to be less selfish. As it is, we are too much like the art student.

"There was, you know, a poor Vermont There was, you know, a poor Vermont There was, you know, a poor Vermont provided the said of the start student.

"There was, you know, a poor Vermont provided the said of the was resting, well pleased with his legs dangling over. So far, so good. Evidently he was resting, well pleased with his feat. brakeman than to be a murderer, and

than to be less selfish. As it is too much like the art student.

"There was, you know, a poor Vermont art student who shared a studio-bedroom wifn a journalist from Wisconsin.

"The Vermonter went out one morning to do the marketing, and brought home turned to his book. But every now and then he looked up, and still the swimmer to do the marketing."

"Some minutes passed, and the swimmer had not moved. The watcher returned to his book. But every now and then he looked up, and still the swimmer had now the same position on the buoy. to do the marketing, and brought home two chops. He laid them on the table, and the cat leaped up and devoured one. "Hang it, he said to his Wisconsin friend, 'the cat has eaten your chop.'"

Willie Hoppe, the billiard champion, was falking in New York about the con-

make.

"It is conspicuous, this economy we see on all sides now," said Mr. Hoppe. "It is like the economy in the family of Jim Bartholomew, the pool player.

"Bartholomew's two boys turned up at school one morning dressed exactly alike in suits of very bright green cloth. It was a startling costume, and at first the neighbors were pursied. All was clear to them, though, when they learned that Mr. Bartholomew, the week before, had slit the cloth in a pool game at Mike Hennessey's."

Stuck.

Stuck.

A magazine editor of New York was praising Rudyard Kipling.

PI am glad Kipling got the Nobel a home. He was always on the move.

then he looked up, and still the swimmer sat in the same position on the buoy.

"An hour, two hours went by—still the swimmer remained. A white, slim figure seen against the oncoming dark, he sat on the buoy's edge; his feet dangled in the sep; he seemed to be musing.

"Finally it began to grow quite dark, and, thoroughly alarmed at last, the watcher got a boat and a couple of barges and rowed out to his friend.

"Out there the mystery was soon explained. The man was stuck fast to the buoy, which had been freshly tayred that morning."

On the Move.

The Rev. A. C. Jeffries, the father of the noted pugilist, was contradicting again the rumor that his son would re-

again the rumor that his son wood re-turn to the ring.

"Jim." said Mr. Jeffries, "is strong.
When he makes a New Year's resolution, he sticks to it. When he says he'll do a thing, that settles it. My boy is never

Prize." he said. "I will encourage him.
He is in a bad way now.

"You know he is writing scarcely anything. I thought he was idle, laxy, and in London last year I took him to task.

He said he knew he looked idle, but in reality he was trying hard to work; only he was stuck.

"He said he resembled a man who made a bet, one Summer day at the shore, that he would awife out a mile and a half."

"In fact, they used to say this of him:

"They said that when Eph moved he tided paper inscribed with the words:

"Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the Winter?"

"The next Spring the swallow returned to its neat at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of olled paper inscribed with the words:

"The next Spring the swallow returned to its neat at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of olled paper with the inscription:

"He said he knew he looked idle, but in the chickens got so used to this that, when exert he entered the henhouse, they would all lie down on their backs and hold up their slim yellow legs to be ited."

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"The next Spring the said the said paper inscribed with the words:

"The said he knew he looked idle, but in time."

"The next Spring the said he was trying the said that when Eph moved the control of the paper with the words."

The Bearded Countess. Miss Mary Garden, the famous singer, alked at a dinner in New York about the hirsute strength which French women

the New Year season when such changes usually are made, I was about to engage. These

There was a certain applicant whose "There was a certain applicant whose manner I liked very much. Her face seemed somehow familiar.

"By the way," I said at last, 'haven't' I seen you at the Baroness Eve's?

"Yes,' the maid answered. I was formerly in the Baroness' employ.

"And why,' said I, 'did she dismiss you?"

"The maid blushed and faltered."
"Because—er—I couldn't shave."

Mark Twain was talking about a play that had failed. "No wonder it failed," he said. "Its

author was a greenhorn. He knew no more of stagecraft than young Tom Bowling, of Harvard, knew of sailoring when he shipped before the mast. "Greenhorn Tom, you know, being told to go aloft one dark, wet night, started up the rigging with a lantern and an umbreita." Leslie M. Snaw, ex-Secretary of the

A Nature One.

"The late Francis Thompson, the English poet," said a magazine editor, "had a great love for birds. He once told me a pretty story about a gwallow.

"Catching, one day in the early Autumn, a swallow that nested in his gar-

Cordial greetings to the friend in the North."

Miss Mary Garden, the famous singer, alked at a dinner in New York about his remarkable \$1000 cement house—a house that will be molded and revelop as they ripen in years.

"Once, in Paris," said Miss Garden, "at pointed out certain objections to the

"You have not yet seen my house," he said, "and you find fault with it. Isn't that rather previous? You, my young friend, are more previous than a giri my assistants have been telling me about.
"The first day of—let us say 1908—New

The first day of let us say into few year's day a man proposed to this girl, and was accepted.

"But," she said, 'I must insist that our engagement be kept secret a twelve-month.

"Why? said the man, in dismay. He

had looked forward to a speedy mar-"'Because, dear,' she answered, 'it is leap year now, and people might think I had done the proposing."

The Two Thieves.

Lesile M. Snaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, was discussing the fate of a corrupt capitalist whem the pame compelled to confess.

"The man reminded me," said Mr. Shaw, "of a Vermont thief who broke into a Norristown house in my boyhood. "This thief, prowling about in the dark parlor, fell over a chair and broke his leg, and had to arouse the family to call a doctor.